

## SHE BORROWS

Does This Female Scion of the English Aristocracy;

BUT NEVER PAYS

And She Is to Lecture Throughout the United States Under the Auspices of the Pond Syndicate—Anything So It Is Aristocratic English Goes, Even a Female Swindler and Confidence Woman.

Mrs. Howard Kingscote, the aristocratic Englishwoman in whose wake are bankrupt nobles and clergymen who charge their financial ruin to her, is living quietly at the Everett House, in New York, with her dainty little daughter, Iris, and her private secretary, Fraulien Wallinger.

Mrs. Kingscote does not look the adventuress she has been painted. She is a matronly, rather Madge Kendallish Englishwoman, gently bred and reared, and at present engaged in preparing a series of fifty lectures to be delivered in this country. She is also holding daily consultations with "the best lawyer in New York," as she describes him, who is to undertake the prosecution of a large number of libel and slander suits. Incidentally Mrs. Kingscote while in this country will collect material for a book on American life, dealing with our slams and the conditions of life therein.

As seen in New York she shows no traces of the wonderful hypnotic powers with which she is alleged to have won her victims, and she denies emphatically that British nobles have found their fortunes crumbling away before her touch. Mrs. Kingscote has the finest suite of rooms in the Everett, but as she explained to a reporter, she has always been accustomed to the possession of large sums of money.

"In the beginning I wish to say," said Mrs. Kingscote, "that the stories told of me and my family are ridiculously false. My borrowing has never ruined any man, noble or otherwise. I am in debt, I admit, I owe large sums of money, because I have borrowed large sums of money. They say I have borrowed a million dollars. How much is a million dollars?"

It was carefully explained to Mrs. Kingscote that a million dollars was about two hundred thousand pounds sterling.

"Why, how absurd!" she cried. "I may have spent that amount during my whole life, but it was nearly all my own money. I have never borrowed more than thirty or forty thousand pounds at most, and all that I intend to repay as soon as my lecture tour is completed. I have always intended to repay the money, but have been unable. I am not a swindler."

"Those stories have made me very angry. In fact I have come over here to begin libel proceedings against a number of papers, while in England similar suits will be begun against certain persons responsible for starting these stories. I expect to collect several hundred thousand dollars before I leave."

"The papers have attacked my family and have said the meanest things about them. It is on this account I will bring these suits. They have said my brother was dismissed in disgrace from the British army. That is so absurd. He was a weak, feeble boy from his birth and could not have gone into the army. He was private secretary to Lord Randolph Churchill for years. Those frightful stories they tell about my grandfather, Joseph Wolff—that he hypnotized Lady Georgiana Walpole and married her while she was in a trance—they are so absurd."

Then Mrs. Kingscote talked of her own affairs. "I will tell you freely," she said, "of my life in London. Mr. Kingscote and I have not been well supplied with money. That I resorted to my friends and secured loans from them is true, but they were so foolishly unreasonable. They rounded upon me in a few months because I did not pay them back and hounded me unmercifully. I never borrowed any money from Lord Burton and don't know him. He is a beer peer."

"I have borrowed from many persons whose names have not been mentioned, however, and who have never bothered me. Some persons from whom I borrowed grew unreasonably uneasy, however, and when I did not repay them within a few months attacked my character and accused me of procuring their financial ruin. It was all so tiresomely absurd."

"Lord Byron would have gone into bankruptcy anyhow. The small amount I borrowed from him, a few thousand pounds, didn't hasten that catastrophe. The two clergymen are largely responsible for the tales that have been told about me. I did not get much money from them, but they cut up an awful rumpus about it, and tried to get their money back through the courts."

"Then there is that Captain Adams story. In British court Captain Adams told a very pretty tale. It placed him in a strange but favorable light. The judge said his conduct was Quixotic. Had his conduct been such as he described it would have been idiotic rather than Quixotic."

"The true story of Captain Adams' marriage is thus: 'My sister-in-law was in extreme difficulties. She was reduced to a financial condition which would have forced her into the bankruptcy court. There was but one chance of escape for her. She must be married. In England a married woman cannot be made a bankrupt, and therefore I undertook to secure a husband for her.'

"The matter was first broached at a dinner at my home. Captain Adams was there. I did not know him well, as he was not in our set. During the dinner he said pesteringly that he was tired of a bachelor life and would like to marry. I at once told him that I had picked out a wife for him and would like him to meet her. He jumped at the idea, and a few days later he was a guest at our table again, my sister-in-law being present."

"He was deeply impressed with the idea of entering our family. He was a mere nobody, but he wanted to go into the diplomatic service, and thought our influence would be invaluable to him. Moreover, he liked my sister. She was not as young as he, but very handsome, and they grew fond of each other. He called on her a number of times and finally developed his real object."

"He asked if my father, minister to Spain and high in diplomatic circles, could procure him the position of military secretary at Paris."

"My sister-in-law, who, was forty years old, made him all sorts of promises and they were married. When she found, however, that her husband wouldn't live with her because she could not procure him the

position he desired, she rounded on me and became my bitterest enemy. Many of the harsh things said about me have come from her, and I shall sue both my sister-in-law and her husband for slander."

Major Pond indignantly denied that she had been hypnotized into conducting Mrs. Kingscote's tour.

"She wrote me some time ago that she wished to lecture in this country and wanted to arrange with me to conduct her tour. The next I knew Mrs. Kingscote arrived here with plenty of money to make good any guarantee I might ask."

## HOW GENERAL GRANT

Got Even With Lieutenant Wickfield of the Indiana Cavalry Regiment.

When Grant was a brigadier in Southeast Missouri he commanded an expedition against the rebels under Jeff Thompson in northeast Arkansas. The distance from the starting point of the expedition to the supposed rendezvous of the rebels was about one hundred and ten miles, and the greater portion of the route lay through a howling wilderness. The imaginary suffering that our soldiers endured during the two first days of their march was enormous. It was impossible to steal or confiscate uncultivated real estate, and not a hog or a chicken or an ear of corn was anywhere to be seen. On the third day, however, affairs looked more hopeful, for a few small specks of ground in a state of partial cultivation were here and there visible. On that day Lieutenant Wickfield, of an Indiana cavalry regiment, commanded the advance guard, consisting of eight mounted men. About noon he came up to a small farm house from the outward appearance of which he judged that there might be something fit to eat inside. He halted his company, dismounted, and with two second lieutenants entered the dwelling. He knew that Grant's incipient fame had already gone out through all that country, and it occurred to him that by representing himself to be the general he might obtain the best the house afforded. So, assuming a very imperative demeanor, he accosted the inmates of the house and told them he must have something for himself and staff to eat. They desired to know who he was and he told them that he was Brigadier General Grant. At the sound of that name they flew around with alarming alacrity and served up about all they had in the house, taking great pains all the while to make loud professions of loyalty. The lieutenants ate as much as they could of the not over-sumptuous meal, but which was, nevertheless, good for that country, and demanded what was to pay. "Nothing," And they went on their way rejoicing.

In the meantime General Grant, who had halted his army a few miles further back for a brief resting spell, came in sight of, and was rather favorably impressed with, the appearance of the same house. Riding up to the fence in front of the door, he desired to know if they would cook him a meal.

"No," said a female in a gruff voice; "General Grant and his staff have just been here and eaten everything in the house, but one pumpkin pie."

"Humph," murmured Grant. "What is your name?"

"Selvidge," replied the woman.

Casting a half-dollar in at the door, he asked if she would keep that pie till he sent an officer for it, to which she replied that she would.

That evening, after the camping-ground had been selected, the various regiments were notified that there would be a grand parade at half-past six, for orders. Officers would see that their men all turned out, etc.

In five minutes the camp was in a perfect uproar, and filled with all sorts of rumors; some thought the enemy were upon them, it being so unusual to have parades when on a march.

At half-past six the parade was formed, ten columns deep, and nearly a quarter of a mile in length.

After the usual routine of ceremonies the acting assistant adjutant general read the following order:

Headquarters, Army in the Field.

Special Order, No. —

Lieutenant Wickfield, of the — Indiana Cavalry, having this day eaten everything in Mrs. Selvidge's house, at the crossing of the Ironton and Pochontas and Black River and Cape Girardeau roads, except one pumpkin pie, Lieutenant Wickfield is hereby ordered to return with an escort of one hundred cavalry and eat that pie also.

U. S. GRANT, Brigadier General Commanding.

From that day, and ever afterwards, Wickfield had no exceptional relish for pumpkin pie.

## A BAD CASE

Of Dyspepsia Has Our Friend and Comrade "Grandarmian."

Editor Sunday Globe:

I see by the papers that the fellows in charge of the business of collecting money and making arrangements for entertaining the Grand Army encampment, which has elected to meet here in September next are having trouble in raising the necessary funds, and it is surmised that this is only a bluff to get Congress to appropriate another ninety thousand dollars to help them out. But Congress won't do it, for this reason: When the encampment closed before there was a big surplus on hand, and to eat it up, Old Harrison Dingman, of Fidelity insurance notoriety, was kept on the rolls as secretary for a year afterward at three hundred dollars a month, on the questionable ground that he could not settle up the liabilities. The same scheme is brewing now. It was done by the inaugural committee. When the question came as to what to do with the surplus, Edison says, 'give it to Dingman,' and he got a hog's share of it. A singular thing in this connection is the fact that old man Ding would never give the public an itemized sworn report showing how much he reaped individually of the spoils.

A funny thing in this connection is the fact that even in one-horse Washington, when anything of any magnitude is proposed, we find popping up in every direction a coterie of "Ed Ha's," "Barry Buckleys," "Harrison Dingmans," Naylor's, and others, who hope to get a little cheap notoriety as secretaries, clowns, ringmasters and other et ceteras out of the game. It makes a fellow puke whenever he sees the name of one of these ducks in print. They are so odiously to the front in the way of self-advertising when anything new is contemplated. For my part I would like to see the encampment go to Atlantic City, N. J., where we will get rid of this unsavory mess and have a much better time.

Yours for A. C. GRANDARMIAN.

Read the SUNDAY GLOBE.

## A COMBINATION

Fish and Tiger Story By an Englishman.

PLAYING WITH FISH

This Tiger Amused Himself Like a House Cat—Remarkable Tale Told By a Hunter Who Played With the Animal and Stroked Its Fur!

We were traveling along the north branch of the Gadevey river.

I left camp at an early hour in the morning for the purpose of fishing. While I carried my rifle with me, I had no intention of going out of my way to find game. On the previous afternoon I had observed what seemed to be a capital spot in the bend of the river, and it was to this place I hastened as I left camp. Catching a frog for bait, I hung in the hook, and it wasn't five minutes before I was meeting with such luck that all thought of tigers, snakes, jackals and hyenas were driven out of my mind.

I had landed half a dozen good sized fish and was just then playing a larger one when a slight noise startled me, and I looked around to see such a sight as has seldom come to the eyes of a sportsman. A full grown tiger was within five feet of me playing with one of the fish. It was the last one pulled out, and in its dying agonies it was jumping about on the grass. Every time it moved the tiger would reach out a paw in a playful way, and once or twice he struck hard enough to move the fish three or four feet.

I tell you I was a badly frightened man, and all I could do was to sit there with mouth and eyes open. The tiger had crept down from the bluffs, and why he hadn't attacked me was a mystery. He went from fish to fish, turning them over with his paw, and time and again brushing me with his tail as he moved about. My rifle was ten feet away, leaning against a bush, and I might have been idiot enough to try to reach it but for a warning.

My personal servant had followed me to see what luck I had. He came into the neighborhood while the tiger was playing with the fish, and softly climbing a tree, he uttered the call of a bird to attract my attention and then sang out: "Do nothing to provoke the tiger, master! He is a bilowee, and if you do not cross him he will go away!" He meant that the spirit of a good nature had been transformed, and it was clearly the common sense way to follow his advice.

As the beast gave me no attention I turned to the fish tugging at the end of my line and landed him. He was of good size and full of vitality, and the tiger waited in a playful way until I removed the hook and threw the fish on the grass. Then he sprang for it as a kitten would for a ball of yarn, and he played with it in the same way. It was laughable, in spite of the circumstances, to witness his actions.

He would run around in circles, as you have seen a young dog do, sometimes almost leaping over me, and then again he would become the cat and creep softly forward to pounce upon one of the fish. Each one as caught was flung to him, and it was a full half hour before he grew tired of the sport. I expected he would turn to me sooner or later, but the native saw the change of demeanor first and called: "Master, the bilowee is going to play with you. Be as calm in his power!"

The tiger suddenly left the last fish landed and came stalking over to me, purring like a cat and acting very playfully. His first move was to worm his head under my left arm, and I'm telling you, the solemn truth when I say that I smoothed down his fur as if he had been a favorite dog. I had on a big straw hat, and this he got hold of in his teeth and played with it for ten minutes, or until he had torn it all to pieces. I had no more bait to fish with and sat there waiting for the tiger's next move.

When he had finished the hat, he came over and rubbed his head against me and purred in a pleased way, and I rubbed him with my hand from nose to tail. I gradually got over my scare, but was yet very anxious to know how the affair would end. The sun was getting well up and very hot, and the beast would soon be seeking his lair. In about thirty minutes from the time he appeared the tiger began to show a change of demeanor. He became nervous and uneasy, and the hair on his back stood up at intervals. I judged that he had got the scent of my servant, and such proved to be the case.

I dared not rise to my feet, but I made up my mind that if the tiger attacked me I should make a spring off the bank into the river. It was inflated with crocodiles, but there was not much choice between being eaten by beast or saurian.

Once the tiger glared at me and growled, but the next moment whined as if afraid and edged up toward me as if for protection. The servant had been keeping a watchful eye on my strange playmate, and he now believed the time had come for decisive action. He therefore fired his pistol and shouted at the top of his voice. The effect was immediate. The beast dropped his tail, uttered a long drawn whine, and with a sort of farewell glance at me, he bolted for the forest and disappeared. I had looked him over pretty well and had noticed among other things that he had a broken claw on the right paw. We did not break camp that day.

Just before sunset, as we sat in groups smoking our pipes, a tiger charged boldly in among the servants and seized one and attempted to make off. We rallied to prevent, and the beast knocked two other men over before he was dispatched. When we came to examine the body, I had not the slightest difficulty in identifying it as that of my playmate of the morning.

## His Appeal.

Little Georgie was taken by his aunt to see the newcomer, aged one day. He was duly and profoundly impressed with the specimen and asked where the little brother came from. "God sent it," answered the aunt reverently.

The answer made a deep impression on little Georgie, for that afternoon he was seen out in the back yard gazing up into the deep blue sky and spreading his diminutive apron expectantly as he said, "Dear God, please throw me one down too."

Read the SUNDAY GLOBE.

## Kretol

Now that the extreme heat of the Summer is over, and it becomes necessary to guard against the prevailing disease of catarrh, THE KRETOL CHEMICAL CO., at 1224 F Street N. W., has made arrangements to keep a physician at the Institute from 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m., where people who are suffering from throat trouble, colds, and catarrh may be treated for these affections by the use of

## Kretol

Also the Company has Static Electricity. There is no preparation better than.

## Kretol

## CATARRH CURE

for sore throat and irritated conditions of the lining membrane of the nose and throat. Use

## Kretol Kold Kream

for chapped hands and face. It is the best-known remedy. Use concentrated

## Kretol

in the bath water.

## Kretol Eczema Cure

is almost a specific for Eczema.

## Kretol Soap

is a most excellent soap for washing the hands to prevent them from getting rough and sore during the cool weather. For sale at all the leading drug stores. Principle office at

1224 F Street N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

We have built up the largest loan business in Washington as a result of courteous treatment and genuine accommodation among our patrons. If you are in need of ready cash—see us AT ONCE.

Washington Mortgage Loan Co.  
610 F Street N. W.

## LOAN'S OF \$10

And Upward on Furniture and Pianos

At lowest rates and on the day you apply. We are loaning on the Building and Loan Association plan, which makes the cost of carrying loans much less than you pay elsewhere, and allows you to pay it off in any sized notes you desire, running from one to twelve months. If you have a loan with some other company we will pay it off and advance you more money if desired. Rates cheerfully given, and no cost to you unless loan is made. Call and get rates. Front room, first floor.

National Mortgage Loan Co.,  
627 F Street N. W.

## SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY.

"CAPITAL CITY ROUTE."  
Leave Washington P. R. R. Station.  
11:01 A. M. SEABOARD FAST MAIL—DAILY. Through Pullman Sleeper to Jacksonville, connecting at Hamlet, with Pullman Sleeper to Atlanta.  
7:00 P. M. P. L. A. and METROPOLITAN DAILY. LIMITED—Through Pullman Sleepers to Tampa and Atlanta. Cafe Dining Car Service. Pullman Sleeper Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays to Southern Pines (Pinehurst). These trains offer excellent schedules to Petersburg, Raleigh, Southern Pines (Pinehurst), Camden, Columbia, Savannah, Chattanooga, and all Florida points; Charlotte, Athens, Atlanta, New Orleans, Chattanooga, Nashville, all points West and Southwest.  
4:30 A. M. LOCAL TO Petersburg, Raleigh, DAILY. Southern Pines (Pinehurst), Hamlet, and intermediate points. Office, 1434 N. Y. ave. and Penn. R. R. ticket offices.  
R. E. L. BUNCH, W. H. DOLL, Gen. Pass. Agt. Gen. Agt.

## NORFOLK AND WESTERN RY.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 26, 1901.  
Leave Washington, P. R. R. Station, 6th and B streets.  
Express—Daily—All points on Norfolk and Western; also Knoxville, Chattanooga and Memphis.  
9:50 p. m.—Daily—Roanoke, Bristol, Winston-Salem, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Nashville, Memphis, New Orleans, Through Sleepers. Cafe Cars.  
For Norfolk—Leave Washington 4:30 a. m. daily; 11:01 a. m. daily, 3:12 p. m. daily. Arrive Norfolk 11:20 a. m., 5:35 p. m., 10:40 p. m.  
From B. & O. Station—3:45 p. m. daily. Luray, Shenandoah. Trains from the South-west arrive Pennsylvania passenger station 6:50 a. m. and 9:00 p. m.

## WASHINGTON DIRECTORY.

Standing Information for Visitors and Residents Alike. Divisions, Streets, Parks, and Noted Show Places.

## Special Information.

The Capitol—Open 9 a. m. Guides to be found in Rotunda.  
Corcoran Art Gallery—Open 10 to 4. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday free days.

War, Navy, and State Department—Open 9 to 2. In the Library of the State Department may be seen original Declaration of Independence.

Executive Mansion—Open 10 to 2. The President receives Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 1 p. m. sharp.

Treasury Department—Open 9 to 2. Visitors to vaults 11 to 12 and 1 to 2.

Bureau Engraving and Printing—Open from 9:30 to 12:30 and 1 to 2.

Washington Monument—Open to visitors every week-day. Elevator runs from 9 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 5 p. m.

Agricultural Department—Open 9 to 2. Smithsonian Institute—National Museum—Open 9:30 to 4:30.

The Government Botanical Gardens—Open 9 to 5.

Patent Office—Open 9 to 2.

Pension Building—Open 9 to 2.

Navy Yard—Open 8 to 4:30.

Marine Barracks—Concerts by the Marine Band every Monday at 11 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. Guard Mount daily at 9 a. m.

Prominent Drives—Soldiers' Home, Arlington Heights, Woodley Park, Zoological Gardens and Naval Observatory. Carriages may be ordered at Hotel offices.

Mt. Vernon—Boat leaves wharf, foot of Seventh street, on the half hour; electric cars on the hour from 13½ street and Pennsylvania avenue.

Government Printing Office—North Capitol and H streets.

The Library—Open 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.

## Historical and Show Places of the City.

Treasury Department.

Church where President Hayes attended.

Former site of the historic Colonial Hotel.

U. S. Geological Survey.

Ford's Theater (where Lincoln was assassinated).

House in which President Lincoln died.

Alley through which Booth escaped after assassinating Lincoln.

Building in which Admiral Schley was made a Mason in an extraordinary manner.

Interior Department.

Patent Office.

General Land Office.

Pension Office.

Judiciary Square.

City Hall Park.

City Hall.

Former worshipping place of Daniel Webster.

District Police Court.

Daniel Webster's old law office.

Washington Monument.

Hancock Statue.

Church attended by President McKinley.

Church attended by President Grant and General Logan.

One of the famous church spires of the world.

Room in which Henry Clay died.

National Hotel.

Metropolitan M. E. Church.

U. S. Mail Bag Repair Shop.

Stable from which Booth hired his horse the night he assassinated Lincoln.

District Building.

Room in which assassin Guitau was tried and convicted.

Lot Flannery Monument of Lincoln.

Church attended by President Cleveland.

DeWitt Talmage's old church.

Statue of Albert Pike.

Building in which an Abolition Club was mobbed.

Census Office.

House built by General Washington.

Senate Stables.

Capitol.

Capitol Grounds.

Greenough's statue of General Washington.

Congressional Library.

Lincoln Park.

Lincoln and Slave Statue.

District Jail.

Former home of Fred Douglass.

Place of Guitau's execution.

General Greene's Statue.

Old Capitol Building.

Political Prison during Civil War.

General Butler's former residence.

"Bridge of Sighs."

Only church on which bell tolled at death of John Brown.

The "Coliseum."

Marine Hospital.

Coast and Geodetic Survey.

Eastern Dispensary.

Old Slave Market.

Oldest House on Capitol Hill.

Government Printing Office.

Old Jewish Synagogue.

Bureau of Education.

Calvary Baptist Church.

New Jewish Temple.

National Rifles Armory.

Carroll Hall.

Scottish Rite Temple.

Site of old Kirkwood Hotel, where Vice-President Andrew Johnson took the oath of office on morning of President Lincoln's death.

Southern Railway Building.